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*Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.*

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CAMIRE.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

(Continued from Page 165.)

THE history of Alcaipa, and the praises which the good Jesuit delighted to bestow on his adopted son, were the subject of the conversation. Angelina, who did not lose a word, kept her eyes bent on the ground, a livelier hue overspread her cheeks, and a secret emotion agitated her heart. From Maldonado's recital, she comprehended the cause why Camire so often visited the river's banks. His piety and filial love redoubled the gratitude she felt for her amiable deliverer. She was happy that it was he who had snatched her from the arms of danger; and was pleased to be compelled to bestow her esteem on so good a youth, but dared not raise her eyes upon him.

A very short time sufficed the young lovers to make each other sensible of what they felt, and to assure them, without the assistance of words, that their love was mutual. Angelina kept the secret which her eyes had betrayed; but the ingenious guarani confided all

his thoughts to the Jesuit. In burning words, he described to him the passion which filled his soul, and declared a thousand times that death alone could extinguish it; that he was ready to undertake every thing to become worthy of her hand, and concluded by asking his assistance to attain this happiness.

Maldonado listened to him with grief. 'Oh! my son,' said he, 'how you afflict me, and how many evils do you prepare for yourself. You, who are acquainted with our morals, our customs, our respect for birth, and our passion for riches, can you suppose that the Governor of Paraguay will consent to bestow his daughter on a stranger!—an unknown, who possesses nothing; and whose project is, after my death, to go and live among the savages his brethren. The contempt in which you hold the vain idols which corrupted men adore I have not sought to combat in you, my son, I have held it sacred; but when a human being pretends, my dear Camire, to be above the errors inherent to humanity, he must renounce love; for that passion is sufficient to place us within the reach of all the prejudices of mortals, and all the caprices of fortune.

You excite my pity; my child ! all remedies and advice are at present useless ; it is hope that you stand in need of, and my affection would vainly seek to mislead me a while in order to deceive you. I only know of one method which might succeed : the Governor's avarice might, perhaps, make him forget thy birth, if we could give him a large sum of gold ; but neither you nor I possess this valuable metal !"——

'Gold !' hastily rejoined Camire, throwing his arms round the old man's neck, 'rejoice my father ! it only depends on me to procure some ; the mountains where I formerly lived, are filled with it ; I know the road which leads to it. I will fetch as much gold as you desire ; you shall offer it to the Governor, and for so vile a gift, he will bestow on me the most beautiful, the most virtuous being of the universe ; and this fatal metal, which has been the cause of so many crimes, will still make two people happy.'

The good Jesuit, whose heart always beat at the sound of happiness, shared his son's joy. The next day he repaired to Pedreras ; but knowing well the character of him he wished to gain over, tho't he might be allowed to employ a little cunning. He began by speaking of the difficulty of establishing Angelina in a way suitable to her birth ; he then made him understand that by dispensing with no-

bility, she would find husbands that would consider themselves very happy to lay a large fortune at her feet, and even to pay the uncle for the honour of his alliance ; and seeing this overture did not displease Pedreras, he concluded by proposing his pupil, with an hundred thousand ducats.

Pedreras was not of a character easily to be gained over ; his long experience, and the many dealings he had been concerned in, had rendered him subtle and suspicious. While listening to Maldonado, he reflected that Camire belonged to the nation of Guaranis, in whose country he had heard there were numerous goldmines ; and concluded, that it was from them our hero would derive his riches ; and without shewing any reluctance at bestowing his niece on the newly converted Christian, he said, ' Holy father, the interest of Spain is the only one which occupies my thoughts ; I have no desire of increasing my own fortune, but my most ardent wish is to be useful to my country. Your adopted son may assist me in this project : let him guide my people to a gold mine, and my niece shall be his.

This proposal rendered Maldonado thoughtful : he, however, made Pedreras repeat the promise he had just made ; and thinking that the governor could not revoke his word, he returned home, and returned that answer to the youthful Guarani.



When Camire had heard the whole, his head fell on his breast, and his eyes were dimmed with tears. 'Ah! my father,' said he, despondingly, 'Angelina can never be mine on these terms. To comply with the governor's wishes, I must make known to him roads of which the Spaniards are totally ignorant; and it is on this ignorance alone, that depends the security of my brethren. Shall I then be the traitor who will conduct a fierce band of executioners in the midst of my countrymen to annihilate them? No, my father; you would hate, you would despise your son; and how could I exist, deprived of your esteem?'

Maldonado embraced him, warmly applauded his noble resolution, and confirmed him in the unshaken principle of always sacrificing his dearest interest, his most ardent desires, to the most rigid duty. 'Our passions,' said he, 'have an end, our interests change, but virtue never changes. At all times and in all parts, she carefully recompences those who suffer in her cause; she consoles them, she invigorates them, makes them enjoy mild and pleasing reflections, surrounds them with veneration and esteem, attends them in the hour of death, and then takes her abode on the tomb inscribed with the name which she caused to be respected. These virtuous beings, blessed by every worthy heart, excite tears of tenderness, regret, and admiration.'

Deep sighs agitated the unhappy Camire's breast, while listening to the Jesuit. Irrevocably determined never to betray his countrymen to obtain Angelina, his only alternative was to attempt to conquer his ill-fated passion; from that moment he endeavoured to avoid her with as much care as he before sought to meet her; he seldom quitted his home, and devoted his whole time to study, hoping, by occupying his mind, to be able to divert his heart. Angelina could not comprehend the cause of this great change of conduct; it at first alarmed her, and she impatiently waited for an opportunity of coming to an explanation with Camire; but seeing that he no longer paid his usual visits to her uncle, neither meeting him in the fields, nor even at the tomb of his father, vexation and anger took possession of her heart. She thought she was no longer beloved, she resolved to become equally indifferent; and chance having one day placed her at church, near Camire, she affected to turn her eyes away from the unhappy Guarani, pretended even not to observe that he was by her side, and returned home without having taken the least notice of him. This was a difficult task which the gentle and affectionate Angelina had imposed on herself; but she thought that after the victory she had gained over her feelings, nothing would be impossible, and flattered herself that she should soon forget the object who then occupied her thoughts.

Camire was in despair ! He had sufficient courage to renounce her he loved, he had deprived himself of the sight of her ; but he could not support her disdain, it had overpowered his soul ; and not being able to find any relief for the torments he experienced, he sought Maldonado.

‘ My father ! ’ said he, ‘ hearken and forgive me ; I find that I cannot conquer my love. I have struggled against the dictates of my heart, I have employed all the strength with which virtue and reason inspired me ; but I feel that Angelina overcomes every thing ; I must leave you, my father, I must depart. In the name of Heaven hide those tears ; I shall stay with you, if you weep,—I shall expire beside you. Let me return to my native woods : I shall come back again. If the project I meditate be not above the powers of a human being, I shall accomplish it, I am certain I shall ; and you will see me return with a clear conscience, and one of the happiest of men. Adieu ! my father, my friend, my benefactor ; dry up thy tears ; it is not thy son who leaves thee, it is a miserable maniac, devoured by a fatal passion which rules him at its will, which bears him far from thee, which consumes him. It cannot, however, change his affection, or the gratitude which his heart still carefully preserves, though it be not his own.’

After having said these words

he rushed from the old man, who vainly intreated him to return ; but Camire heard him not, and soon he was no longer perceptible to Maldonado’s ardent gaze ; who, deprived of his beloved child, now thought himself alone in the universe.

Angelina was still more to be pitied. Feeling all the pangs of a passion which she vainly struggled to overcome, she had experienced as lively a grief as Camire, and had not one friend in whose bosom she could confide her sorrows.—When she heard of his sudden flight, she accused herself with having caused it, and shed tears of anguish at the recollection of her behaviour towards him when last they had met. For some time her mind was soothed with the hope of his return ; but ten months having elapsed without any news of her lover, the unhappy maiden determined, if she could obtain her uncle’s permission, to pass the remainder of her days in one of the convents which were already established at the Assumption. On making her wishes known to Pedreras, he warmly seconded them, and on the same day conducted her himself to the superior of the order of St. Clare, who immediately supplied her with the dress of a novice, and yielded to the governor’s request, that Angelina should take the veil at the expiration of half the usual period.

The miserable girl would willingly have hastened the time that



was to shut her out from the world; the days moved on so tediously, since she no longer saw Camire! She thought that when she had taken the vows, her mind would be more at ease, and that love would quit a heart which was devoted to God. She saw the wished-for time approach, and experienced a momentary joy.

The evening previous to the day appointed for Angelina to quit the world, the worthy father, Maldonado, on his return from visiting the sick, had seated himself on a stone bench at the door of his dwelling. He was thinking of Camire, when he saw a man running towards him, who suddenly uttered a loud shriek, and rushed into his arms; it was he, it was his son! The poor Jesuit nearly fainted; and Camire was so exhausted with the haste he had made, that utterance was denied him; and they entered the house holding each other, but without either of them speaking. When their full hearts could breathe with more freedom, Camire said to him: 'It is I, my father; you again behold your son, and he has not disgraced that title. I have neither betrayed my love, nor my honour; I am, and can remain, true to my brethren and my Angelina. I am come to give up the gold-mine which the governor required of me; and this treasure is far from the road which might conduct him to my country.'

[To be continued.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Mrs. F's. delight, composed by her husband, T. F.*

The following old Scottish Song is from a MS. collection of poems written and collected by Mr. Symson, schoolmaster at Sterling, in the year 1690. M. Mag.

Some men they do delight in hounds,  
And some in hawkes take pleasure;  
Some do rejoice in war and wounds,  
And thereby gain great treasure.

Some men do love on sea to sail,  
And some rejoice in riding.  
But all their judgments do them fail—  
Oh! no such joy as chiding.

When in the morn I ope mine eyes  
To entertain the day,  
Before my husband e'en can rise,  
I chide him—then I pray.

When I at table take my place,  
Whatever be the meat,  
I first do chide—and then say grace,  
If so disposed to eat.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,  
I ever do complain,  
Too raw, too roast, too young, too old,  
Faults I will find or feign.

Let it be flesh, or fowl or fish,  
It never shall be said,  
But I'll find fault with meat or drink,  
With master, or with maid.

But when I go to bed at night,  
I heartily do weep,  
That I must part with my delight—  
I cannot scold and sleep.

However this doth mitigate  
And much abate my sorrow,  
That tho' to night it be too late,  
I'll early scold to-morrow.

## Anecdotes of the Dog.

A REMARKABLE instance of memory in a mastiff is related by M. D'Osbonville. This animal, which he had brought up in India from two months old, accompanied himself and a friend from Pondicherry to Benglour, a distance of more than three hundred leagues. 'Our journey,' says he, 'occupied nearly three weeks; and we had to traverse plains and mountains, and to ford rivers, and go along several bypaths. The animal, which had certainly never been in that country before lost us at Benglour, and immediately returned to Pondicherry. He went directly to the house of M. Beylier, then commandant of artillery, my friend, and with whom I had generally lived.—Now the difficulty is, not so much to know how the dog subsisted on the road, for he was very strong and able to procure himself food; but how he should so well have found his way, after an interval of more than a month !'

A curious account is related in Stow's annals, of an engagement between three mastiffs and a lion, in the presence of King James the First. One of the dogs, being put into the den, was soon disabled by the lion; which took him by the head and neck, and dragged him about. Another dog was then let loose; and was served in the same manner. But the third, being put in, immediately seized the lion by the lip, and held him for a consid-

erable time; till, being severely torn by his claws, the dog was obliged to quit his hold. The lion, greatly exhausted, now refused to renew the engagement: but, taking a sudden leap over the dogs, fled into the interior part of his den. Two of the dogs soon died of their wounds: the last survived and was taken great care of by the king's son; who said, 'He that had fought with the king of beasts should never after fight with any inferior creature.'

This animal, conscious of his superior strength, has been known to chastise, with great dignity, the impertinence of an inferior. A large mastiff belonging to the late M. Ridley, esq. of Heaton, near Newcastle, being frequently molested by a mongrel, and teased by its perpetual barking, at last took it up in his mouth, by the back, and with great composure dropped it over the quay into the river, without doing any farther injury to his contemptible enemy.

Sir H. Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, ancestor of the late earls of Litchfield, had a mastiff which guarded the house and yard but had never met with any particular attention from his master. In short, he was not a favourite dog, and was retained for his utility only, and not from any partial regard.

One night, as sir Harry was retiring to his chamber, attended by



his favourite valet, an Italian, the mastiff silently followed them up stairs, which he had never been known to do before; and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in the bed-room. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly ordered to be turned out; which being complied with, the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling loudly for admission. The servant went to drive him away. Discouragement, however, could not check his intended labour of love; he returned again, and was more importunate to be let in than before.

Sir Harry, weary of opposition, though surprised beyond measure at the dog's apparent fondness for the society of a master who had never shown him the least kindness, and wishing to retire to rest, bade the servant open the door, that they might see what he wanted to do. This done, the mastiff, with a wag of the tail, and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up, and crawling under the bed, laid himself down, as if desirous to take up his night's lodging there.

To save farther trouble, and not from any partiality for his company, this indulgence was allowed. The valet withdrew, and all was still. About the solemn hour of midnight, the chamber door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room. Sir Harry started from sleep; the dog sprung from his covert, and, seizing the

unwelcome disturber, fixed him to the spot.

All was dark; Sir Harry rang his bell in great trepidation, in order to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff, roared for assistance. It was found to be the favourite valet, who little expected such a reception. He endeavoured to apologize for his intrusion, and to make the reasons which induced him to take this step, appear plausible; but the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner of the valet, raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind, and he determined to refer the investigation of the business to a magistrate.

The perfidious Italian, alternately terrified by the dread of punishment, and soothed by the hopes of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to murder his master, and then rob the house. This diabolical design was frustrated solely by the instinctive attachment of the dog to his master, which seemed to have been directed, on this occasion, by an interference of Providence. How else could he have learned to submit to injury and insult, for his well-meant services, and finally to seize and detain a person, who, it is probable, had shown him more kindness than his owner had ever done? A full length picture of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words, 'More Faithful than favoured,' is still preserved among the family pictures.

## For the Lady's Miscellany.

In the days of our revolutionary war, some youth, with a view of creating surprise, suspended at midnight a brilliant lanthorn from the top of a lofty tree. The first person who espied the phenomenon was a spark returning from a frolick, who, with due dispatch, ran to the neighbouring houses, and terrified their slumbering inhabitants. Simple people resort to the learned to solve mystic and alarming appearances, and in verification of this dictum, a school-master, and one reputed an astronomer, a reverend clergyman, and an apothecary, who knew something of physic, were roused to unite the wisdoms of their several callings, in exploring this wonder. In a short time hundreds were collected around these sages, and plied them and one another with a thousand anxious enquiries. The schoolmaster and astronomer scarce knew what to call it, but had calculated its distance from the earth at six millions of miles, while the preacher, and apothecary, (who was a serious man) considered it not a thousand, and a comet sent as a special messenger of divine vengeance, in which opinion the multitude concurred. Amidst this scene of general desperation, of faltering voices, pale visages, trembling knees, and profuse perspiration, the wonder fell from its celestial altitude. The whole concourse ran to the place where it

seemed to descend, and after journeying about a mile on the highway, they discovered the lanthorn which the schoolmaster had the sagacity to conclude had been illuminated and bound to a branch of the high tree, at whose root it was found. A grave and elderly gentleman related to me this story, but did not vouch for its entire conformation to real history, so that whether it is wholly fictitious, or partly made up of fact, and partly of the embellishments of inventive genius, must remain with my readers a perfect secret.

The occurrence produced in me some reflexions on the infirmity of human intellect, and its proneness to superstitious alarm. Men are so sensible of moral infirmity, that they are ever anxiously solicitous to conceal it, but when they imagine that Deity has arose against them, they know that no shade can obscure his view, and that no place is without the sphere of his universal majesty. Secret vices are now promulgated, and the superstitious mortals afford a ludicrous spectacle to those whose stronger powers of mind enable them to view with composure what to others is so dreadful. There are few imbecilities of character which reduce a person to lower disesteem, or greater ridicule; with what compassion do we look upon the man who turns pale at every deviation from the natural course of things, who hears with trembling agitation the stories of witches, en-



chanters, and the nocturnal visitings of ghosts; who dares not pass a burial yard for fear of spirits which he believes reside on the hallowed spot, to guard the slumbering dead, and to repel unsanctified intruders from the graves.

Superstition is the offspring of ignorance, and among different nations, and in different ages, has existed under forms of countless diversity. The innumerable tribes of savage men have had innumerable kinds of superstition, but it is peculiarly painful to contemplate that which reigned during the Grecian and Roman antiquity. That men so preeminently ingenious and erudite, men who, in defence of their country, displayed invincible heroism, and in science astonishing powers of intellect, should be enshackled by the most childish religious fears, is indeed a melancholy reflection.

One of the most terrifying events to these polished and learned people, was an eclipse of the sun or moon. Instances are recorded of projects that were entered upon with the most confident hopes of success, but which were blasted by the terrors of a solar or lunar obscuration.

Even countries irradiated with the full blaze of christian light are not entirely free from superstition. Although the laws by which universal existence is governed are uniform in their operation, yet some are continually believing nature violated for extraordinary purposes. Men who profess an unshaken cre-

dence of the inspired page, are yet when a comet returns in its erring course, or a meteor exhibits a temporary glare, afraid the earth is near its dissolution, that the last fires are about to be kindled, and the general conflagration to commence. What must have been the degree of superstition which could enable a frail mortal to assume the character of vice-gerent to his creator? Though we can now look with indifference on this ecclesiastical dignitary, whose displeasure once made European monarchs tremble on their thrones, and laugh his silly pretensions of divinity to scorn, yet there was a time, to the disgrace of human nature be it spoken, when he was able to impose on all mankind.

Revelation alone unfolds the character of the Deity, and therefore can alone dissipate the dark clouds of superstition. But as our nature is not susceptible of a change absolutely radical and universal, some of our original imperfection will remain, and we shall sometimes exhibit our primitive tendency to superstition.

HENRY NIGHTSHADE.

*New-York, Jan, 13, 1808.*

### THE MIRROR OF SELIMA.

(Continued from P. 174.)

THE enraptured Selima hastily flew to her apartments to decorate herself for the intended visit. Her slaves were all assembled, and af-

ter a labour of some hours, she was at length attired in the most magnificent and tasteful dress that could be fancied for the occasion. Flushed with a desire of admiration, she thought she never looked more beautiful; and to confirm her in this opinion, she resolved to look into the enchanted mirror. But how great was her disappointment when she beheld this inscription, 'Selima is vain.' She managed, however, to conceal her vexation tolerably well, and, with the mirror in her hand, she tripped lightly along to the procession which waited for her. Here a crowd of mendicants were waiting to crave her bounty; she hastily threw some money to them, and departed. Again she beheld her mirror, which now presented her with, 'Selima, by negligence, encourages the slothful.' 'Alas!' cried she sighing, 'how lately did I resolve to abstain from all imprudence, and how badly have I kept my resolution.' With such reflections did she torment herself, till she arrived at the palace of the Caliph. Here a scene of almost unexampled splendour reigned: the halls of audience were illuminated in the most brilliant manner, aromatic odours perfumed the apartments, and sumptuous delicacies were spread for the accommodation of the visitants. Amidst a noble assembly at the upper end of the principal chamber, on a throne of ivory, decorated in the most magnificent manner, sat the Caliph and Zobeide, and near them

the noble Ibrahim, the only son of the respected and worthy emir Ebn Ali. 'Come hither, Selima,' said the Sultana, 'I have reserved a place for you near me.' Selima, though flattered by so great a mark of distinction, blushed as she took her seat, since it was the next to that of the young and handsome Ibrahim. This justly esteemed young man had frequently sued for favour at the hands of Selima, but hitherto, owing to the haughtiness which attended the consciousness of her attractions, and (to own the truth) the pleasure which she received in thwarting the wishes of others, he had failed in his pursuit. He had, on this occasion, interested Zobeide in his favour, which embarrassed Selima in no trifling degree; as opposition frequently tends to retard, instead of furthering the projects which it labours to accomplish. Like a flame which is confined for a time, its ardour is but increased; and if once it is suffered to gain air, it rages with unconquerable fury. Her confusion was too apparent not to be discovered by the noble youth, who said, 'This was a pleasure I had hardly dared to hope for, fair Selima, to have the pleasure of seeing you so near me; yet I fear that I shall grow giddy with so elevated a situation, since to approach too near the sun would but scorch my wings, and perhaps deprive me of the pleasure with which I might view its glory at a more humble distance.' 'Fear not,' replied Selima, scornfully,



"the rays of the sun on the summit of the mountain, are less genial than in the valleys below, and I confess that I prefer its declining beams to its full risen lustre ; what say you ?" continued she, turning to the Emir Abou Omlah, who sat at her left hand, and who, (altho' past the bloom of life,) still retained the character of a gay and an accomplished courtier. "The radiance of the sun, fair Princess," returned he, "is at all times a most pleasing and delightful object, yet I confess that I consider the beams of the morning, when unobscured by mists, as being more beautiful than at any later period." Selima blushed ; the answer did not please her ; she thought it conveyed an oblique censure on her conduct, and to relieve her embarrassment, she quitted her seat to go to Zobeide. As she passed along, the mirror obtruded itself upon her recollection. "Have I done wrong?" thought she, "this at least will convince me whether the reply of Omlah was just." She consulted the mirror ; it told her, "Selima is a coquette." Still more chagrined, she hastened to the throne. "What," cried Zobeide, "have you so soon left Ibrahim ; I placed you under his protection, and thought, with reason, that he could entertain you better than I. Go, you froward child," continued she, smiling, and patting her on the cheek, "and let me see no more of you." It was a night of vexation to poor Selima for when she regained her seat both her former companions had

fled. In vain she endeavoured to hide, even from herself, the interest she took in the steps of Ibrahim ; she wished for his return, yet endeavoured to think that she was careless about it ; she was restless and uneasy, yet would scarcely acknowledge why, even to herself. While yet she perplexed herself, she perceived the object of her meditations take his seat by the side of a very beautiful young lady, who sat on the opposite side of the hall. Her dress was the most elegant and becoming that could be imagined, and the pleasure which she seemed to derive from the attention of Ibrahim, planted a thorn in the breast of Selima. At this moment Nouraddin, the Caliph's jester, placed himself by the side of Selima. He was the greatest gossip in the court, and at this time was not an unacceptable companion, as she was inflamed with a desire to know who was the lady that had attracted the notice of Ibrahim. "Zulmine," cried Nouraddin, "seems to receive more attention from Ibrahim than I have observed for a long time ; she is very beautiful, and amiable in the extreme : do not you think so ?" addressing himself to Selima. "I cannot quite agree with you," returned Selima ; "methinks her eyes are too large, and rather heavy ; her complexion is fair to be sure, but yet it has something of a deadly paleness ; it cannot be denied but that her hair is very beautiful, but I am astonished that she will wear it in so unbecoming a

manner. Nevertheless, she is certainly very handsome, but yet I wonder that Ibrahim should pay her so much homage.' At this moment the mirror caught her attention: 'Selima is envious,' was the inscription. 'I agree entirely with you there,' returned Nouraddin, without perceiving the embarrassment which her countenance betrayed, 'especially as Zulmine is his sister.'—'Sister,' exclaimed Selima, 'is Zulmine then his sister?' 'Unquestionably she is,' replied Nouraddin. A message from the Caliph, at this moment, fortunately deprived Selima of her companion, and left her at leisure to rejoice at this intelligence. Yet, so capricious is human nature, that as soon as her joy had a little subsided, her anger and haughtiness returned, and she became dissatisfied with Ibrahim for his attention even to his sister. The arrival of her lover afforded her an opportunity of venting her spleen. He solicited her to join him in the dance. 'No,' replied Selima, 'I should be but an incumbrance to you: no doubt there are many ladies in this room, who are far more agreeable to you than I am.' 'How have I ever given you reason to suppose so?' enquired Ibrahim; 'surely you cannot deem me inconstant?' 'Inconstant,' replied the scornful fair, 'you are very presuming this evening; pray let me hear no more of such language.' The disappointed Ibrahim bowed, and de-

parted with evident concern.

[To be concluded next week.]

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FROM THE LOUNGER'S COMMON-  
PLACE BOOK.

FARINELLI, an Italian singer, honoured by the pencil of Hogarth, adored by our nobility of both sexes, and rendered insolent by the incense of an infatuated nation, who overflowed the theatre, and made interest, devotion, honor, and pleasure, give way to the idol they had created. "One God, one King, and one Farinelli," was the enthusiastic and impious exclamation of one of his female admirers, raised by her beauty to exalted rank and fortune. The cunning eunuch despised their praise, repaid respect with insult, and pocketing their gold, retired to enjoy affluence and independence in his native country.

After much intreaty, and an extravagant pecuniary consideration, he had been prevailed on to engage to sing at a public entertainment, given by the late Duke of Northumberland, who assembled on the occasion, a large company of the nobility, gentry, and others. The amateurs were waiting on the tip-toe of expectation, to listen with ecstasy to his warblings, and prepare new-turned expressions of surprise and adulation; when he rudely sent a verbal message, that he was otherwise engaged, and could not possibly attend. His



grace, never so happy as when he could contribute to the pleasure or gratification of his guests, was severely mortified, and apologized to his friends for their disappointment. The Duke of Modena, to whom Farinelli was a subject, being at that time on his tour to England, and one of the company, begged pardon for interrupting Lord Northumberland, and dispatched a servant to the singer, with orders for his immediate attendance.

The Modenese soon made his appearance, when a chair was placed for him in the room, and every person, except the prince, stood up: 'Does your Grace permit a public singer to sit in your presence?' exclaimed his highness, 'have the goodness to excuse my officious interference? but *we manage these gentry much better in Italy*: Farinelli, stand in yonder corner of the room, and sing your best song, in your best manner, to this company, who honor you with their notice.'

The squeaking minion trembled and obeyed, and after his song, retired with an humble bow from the room, receiving from the Duke at the same time, a nod of approbation. The beaux turned up their hands and eyes in silent admiration, the tender-hearted, doating fair ones, pitied the dear bewitching creature, and thought him shockingly ill-used; but experience and good sense confirm the necessity and propriety of the Duke of Mo-

dena's lesson to the English nation, who, in their obsequious attentions, and indiscriminate admission of actors, prize-fighters, singers, and dancers, are so perpetually violating decorum, and confound more than a thousand Thomas Paines, the necessary subordinations of society and rank.

#### SUICIDE.

If I had it in my power to offer a literary prize, I think it would be a useful and benevolent idea to propose, *Suicide combated by facts*, as the subject of it. In this work the writer should prove: firstly, that the very few great men of antiquity who committed suicide, though they were authorized to do it by their religion, followed no other impulse than that of profound despair or culpable egotism, that they were censured by the great men who were their contemporaries, and that their suicides were attended with circumstances highly injurious to their country; secondly, that both in ancient and modern times, almost all suicides were atrocious villains, unprincipled and immoral men, or young females led astray by the passions; thirdly, that the writings of the apologists for suicide have multiplied that crime to a prodigious extent. An unfortunate creature, who is tempted to put a period to his life, may easily be prevailed upon to take the resolution, by the commendations, and the dangerous admira-

tion of authors whom he esteems and loves. The following is a very striking instance of this horrible influence.

Eustace Budgell, an ingenious English writer, was a cousin of the celebrated Addison, who was his protector and friend. Budgell contributed to the *Tattler*, and afterwards to the *Spectator* and *Guardian*. In the *Spectator*, all the articles signed X. are by him, and all those in the *Guardian* marked with an asterisk, are the productions of Budgell. He likewise wrote a periodical paper entitled the *Bee*. Addison made Budgell's fortune, but the conduct of the latter was exceedingly imprudent, especially after the death of his patron, who died in 1719. Budgell being totally ruined in 1734, came to the resolution of putting an end to his life. He filled his pockets with stones, took a boat at Somerset House, and when he came to the centre arch of London Bridge, jumped into the Thames and was drowned. In his bureau was found a paper, with the following words in his own hand writing :

What Cato did, and Addison approv'd,  
Cannot be wrong——

Addison, it is well known, was the author of the *Death of Cato*. Such a moral and religious writer as Addison, would certainly not have approved of suicide in a christian. But he thought he might be permitted to commend that of Cato ; and the beautiful soliloquy beginning——

It must be so, Plato, thou reason'st  
well——

relieved the unfortunate Budgell from that salutary remorse which might have restrained him. What reflections arise out of this circumstance !

.....

### A FIELD FLOWER.

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM  
ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,  
With silver crest and golden eye,  
That welcomes every changing hour,  
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,  
In gay, but quick succession shine ;  
Race after race their honours yield,  
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,  
While moons and stars their courses  
run,  
Wreaths the whole circle of the year,  
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
To sultry August spreads its charms,  
Lights pale October on its way,  
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden bloom,  
On moony mountains catch the gale  
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,  
The violet in the vale.

But this bold flower climbs the hill,  
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,  
Plays on the margin of the rill,  
Peeps round the fox's den,

Within the garden's cultur'd round,  
It shares the sweet carnation's bed



And blooms on consecrated ground  
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,  
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,  
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem  
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page :—In every place,  
In every season fresh and fair,  
It opens with perennial grace,  
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,  
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;  
The rose has but a summer reign,  
The daisy never dies.

---

#### MARRIED,

.....

On Wednesday evening, by the  
rev. Bishop Moore, Richard I Par-  
ker, esq. to Mrs. Mary Macpher-  
son.

On Thursday last, by the rev-  
Mr. Bache, Mr. Robert Swartwout,  
merchant, to Miss Margaret B.  
Dunscomb.

On Tuesday evening, by the rev.  
Dr. Beach, Robert Fulton, esq. to  
Miss Harriet Livingston, daughter  
of the late Walter Livingston, Esq.  
of the upper manor.

The same evening, by the Rev.  
Dr. M'Knight, Mr. Joseph Giraud,  
to Miss Abigail West, daughter of  
Mr. Joseph West.

On Tuesday, at New-Windsor,  
Mr. Samuel Crawford, to Miss Jane  
Burnet. Mr. George Burnet, to  
Miss Mary Brown. Mr. Alex-

ander Clinton Burnet, to Miss Ann  
Curtis.

At Geneva, the 17th ultimo, by  
the rev. Mr. Serimegour, Mr. An-  
drew Nicholson, to Miss Elizabeth  
Bell, of New-Windsor.

#### DIED,

On Saturday morning last, of  
pulmonary consumption, Mrs. Jo-  
anna Cooper, wife of Thomas A.  
Cooper.

On Sunday evening, capt. Joseph  
Dennet.

On Friday morning, after a short  
illness, Mrs. Sarah Lindsey, wife of  
Charles Lindsey, esq.

Last week, Mrs. Sarah Water-  
man, aged 75 years.

Subscriptions to this paper are  
received by Mr. G. F. Hopkins, 118  
Pearl-street ; Mr. E. Sargent, 39  
Wall-street, Mr. P. Burtzell, 10  
Wall-street, ; Mr. M. Ward, 149  
Pearl-street ; Mr. Robert M'Der-  
mut, 248 Pearl-street ; and by the  
publisher 299 Broadway.

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## POETRY.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

## CANZONET.

Ask why a blush o'erspreads the rose,  
 Its velvet leaves in crimson dyed ;  
 Why, round the busy zephyr blows,  
 And waves the flower in stately pride :

Ask why the lilies, drooping, shed  
 The dew-drop from each pallid leaf ;  
 Why each reclines its beauteous head,  
 As weigh'd to earth with bitter grief.

Emma vouchsafed the rose a kiss !  
 The modest lily she disdain'd !  
 Who would not weep such joy to miss ?  
 Who would not blush such joy obtain'd.

John Edmund Harwood.

## SLEEPING BEAUTY.

ONE of her hands one of her cheeks lay  
 under,  
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;  
 Which, therefore, swelled, and seemed  
 to part assunder,  
 As angry to be robbed of such a bliss.  
 The one looked pale, and for revenge did  
 long,  
 While the other blush'd...cause it had  
 done the wrong !

Out of the bed the other fair hand was,  
 On a green sattin quilt, whose perfect  
 white  
 Looked like a daisy in a field of grass,  
 And showed like unmelt snow unto  
 the sight.

There lay this pretty perdu safe to keep  
 The rest o' the body, that lay fast asleep.

Shakespeare.

## WOMAN.

To all that breathe the airs of heaven,  
 Some boon of strength has nature giv'n.  
 When the majestic bull was born,  
 She fenced his brow with wreathed horn,  
 She arm'd the courser's foot of air,  
 And winged with speed the panting hare.  
 She gave the lion fangs of terror,  
 And, on the ocean's crystal mirror,  
 Taught the unnumbered scaly throng,  
 To trace their liquid path along ;  
 While for the umbrage of the grove,  
 She plumed the warbling world of love ;  
 To man she gave the flame refined,  
 The spark of heaven...a thinking mind !  
 And had she no surpassing treasure,  
 For thee, oh woman ! child of pleasure ?  
 She gave thee beauty...shaft of eyes,  
 That every shaft of war outflies !  
 She gave thee beauty...blush of fire,  
 That bids the flames of war retire !  
 Woman ! be fair, we must adore thee ;  
 Smile, and a world is weak before thee !

## TO THE SUN.

THOU dazzling ball ! vast universe of  
 flame ! (god !  
 Idol sublime ! error's most glorious  
 Whose peerless splendors plead in the  
 excuse  
 Of him that worships thee, and shine  
 away  
 The sin of pagan knees ! whose awful  
 orb (ened creed,  
 Though truth informs my more enlight-  
 Almost entices my o'er ravish'd heart,  
 To turn idolator, and tempts my mouth  
 To kiss my hand before thee. Nature's  
 pride !  
 Of matter most magnificent display !  
 Bright master-piece of dread omni-  
 tence ! (light !  
 Ocean of splendor ! wondrous world of  
 Thy sweet return my kindled rays salute.